12269 a 12

SELECT

LESSONS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS

DESIGNED FOR THE

Improvement of YOUTH.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Few ORIGINAL PIECES.

By J. N. K

The Sixth Edition, enlarged and improved.

Printed by N. BIGGS, St. Auguſtine's, for EMERY & ADAMS,
High-Street, Briſtol, 1798.

[Price One Shilling and [redacted] Pence.]

QL 790 / 198.

SELECT LESSONS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE, &c.

ODE on the Glories of the Heavens. Addiſon.

1. THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay.
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtial ball!
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radient orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

DAVID's *Paſtoral HYMN on* PROVIDENCE.

Addiſon.

1. THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

2. When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill;

Thy

Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

4. Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN on GRATITUDE. *Adliſon.*

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD?
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2. O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou can'ſt read it there.

3. Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
'Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

5. Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

6. When in the ſlippery paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

7. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

10. Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

11. Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;

And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12. When nature fails and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

13. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For, O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

1. FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
JEHOVAH! JOVE! or LORD!

2. Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd,
To know but this, that thou are good,
And that myſelf am blind!

3. Yet gave me in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill!
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

4. What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;

This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

5. What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For GOD is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

6. Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan,
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

7. Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

8. If I am right, oh teach my heart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart
To find that better way!

9. Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At ought thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

10. Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me.

11. Mean

11. Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

12. This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not;
And let thy will be done.

13. To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus let all Beings raiſe,
All nature's incenſe riſe.

MESSIAH

A ſacred eclogue, compos'd of ſeveral paſſages of *Iſaiah* the prophet.

Written in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio.*

YE nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more.... O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd *Iſaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!

Wrapp'd into future times, the Bard begun,
A virgin ſhall conceive, a virgin bare a ſon!
From *Jeſſe's* root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies.

Th'

Th' ætherial ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove,
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail:
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe the expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Saron* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert chears;
Prepare the way! a GOD, a GOD appears!
A GOD, a GOD! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies riſe:
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods give way!
The ſaviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day.

'Tis

'Tis he the obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm the unfolding ear.
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſtures and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'er ſees them, and by night protects:
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Mankind ſhall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend
And the broad falchion in a plough-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts, with ſurprize,
Sees lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear;

On

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
The leafleſs ſhrubs the flowering palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lyon at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrims feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The crefted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting
ſhall play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophyr's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The *light himſelf* ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd *his* word, *his* ſaving power remains,
Thy *realm* for ever laſts, thy own *Meſſiah* reigns.

The knowledge of futurity wiſely concealed. Pope.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate;
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know;
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.
Who ſees with equal eye, as GOD of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall;
Atoms, or ſyſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And *now* a bubble burſt, and *now* a world!

On HAPPINESS. *Pope.*

O Happineſs! our Being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content, whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which promps the eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool—and wiſe,
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths *parnaſſian* laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows——where grows it not?——If vain our toil.
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil.
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.

Aſk of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and *that* to ſhun mankind:
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe.

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common ſenſe* and *common eaſe*.

Order

Order is heav'ns firſt law, and this confeſs'd,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe: But who infers from hence,
That ſuch are *happier*, ſhocks all common ſenſe;
Heaven to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all were equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or GOD and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, *health*, *peace*, and *competence*.

The MAN of ROSS. *Pope.*

BUT all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid *Severn*, hoarſe applaud reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Nor to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artleſs pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
The MAN of Ross each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſs'd,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine takes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks, with curſes, fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
" Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
" What all ſo wish, but want the pow'r to do,
" Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
" What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife or children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a year,
Bluſh grandeur, bluſh; proud courts withdraw your blaze.
Ye *little ſtars* hide your diminiſh'd rays.

" And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a church to GOD, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

The

The PEACOCK. *Young.*

HOW rich the *Peacock?* what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun?
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

The WAR-HORSE. *Young.*

SURVEY the warlike *Horſe!* didſt thou inveſt
With thunder, his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtril blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart advance,
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the light'ning of the field?
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide,
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
'Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.

The LION. *Young.*

BUT fiercer ſtill the lordly *Lion* ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And couch'd in dreadful ambuſh pant for blood;
Or ſtrech'd on broken limbs, conſume the day
In darkneſs wrapp'd, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tare the ground,
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.

The LEVIATHAN. *Young.*

GO to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide,
With ſlender hair *Leviathan* command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand,

Will

Will he become thy ſervant, will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteal its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up; who then
Shall turn on me, among the ſons of men?

Am I a debtor? haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd,
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills;
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own,
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And durſt thou with the world's great father vie,
Thou who doſt tremble at my Creature's eye?

At full my huge *Leviathan* ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wond'rous ſize,
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? behold,
Deſtruction yawns: his ſpacious jaws unfold,

And

And marſhall'd round the wide expanſe diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows;
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe,
And what a deep abyſs between them lies;
Meet with thy lance and with thy plummet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great ſuperior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulders ſits in ſtate,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully compleat;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part,
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.-

When late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread,
Large is his front, and when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade:

His

His naked breaſt their impotence defies,
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of the rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow,
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His paſtimes, like a chaldron, boil the flood,
And blackens ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam, high wrought with white, divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face,
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd.
In wrath he rolls his baleful eyes around,
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of Pride.

The HERMIT. *Parnell.*

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well;
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd Heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe,

That

That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway.

His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives, impreſs'd
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow;
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow;
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore;
And fix'd the ſcallop of his hat before,
Then with the riſing ſun his journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way,
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair,
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd:
And hail my ſon, the rev'rend ſire reply'd:

Words

Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;
'Till with each other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus uſeful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe;
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: The livry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyr's play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breeſes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall:
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.

Then

Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
And, but the Landlord none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize,

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire; when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily part'ner ſhew'd. [heart,
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.

Here

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerve them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appeared to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
The cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas *there* a vice, but ſeemed a madneſs *here*.
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

At length, the world renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe:

Before

Before the Pilgrims part, the younger creep'd
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſleep'd,
And writh'd his neck: The landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd!
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon?
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a ſervant ſhew'd the way;
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing, lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch—but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breath thro' purpled air;

And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay;
The form ætherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wiſt not what to do:
Surprize in ſecret chains his word ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne;
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd I forſook thy ſky:
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy fellow ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims the world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
In uſing ſecond means to work his ends.

'Tis thus withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food;
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus arts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire on its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night the treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done:"
Then gladly turning ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

MILTON's Invocation.

OF man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, 'till one greater man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,

Sing

Sing heav'nly muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning, how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of chaos: or if *Sion* hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa*'s brook, that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' *Aonian* mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly thou, O ſpirit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
Was preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread,
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport:
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.

HYMN to LIGHT. *Milton.*

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n firſt born,
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam,
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince GOD is light,
And never but in unapproached light,
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate,

Or

Or hear'ſt thou rather pure æthereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns Thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing;
Eſcap'd the *Stygian* pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' *Orphean* lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heav'nly muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare; thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim diffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong, but chief
Thee, *Sion*, and the flow'ry brooks beneath
That waſh'd thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: Nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Tireſias* and *Phineus*, Prophets old:

Then

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me! from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and rais'd
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather Thou, celeſtial light!
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, *there* plant eyes ; all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

The ſublime HOMAGE *of* ANGELS. *Milton.*

WITH ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high:

No

No voice except, no voice but well could join,
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, firſt they ſung omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King: *Thee*, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine.
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brighteſt ſeraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſang, of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, divine ſimilitude.
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance without cloud
Made viſible, th' Almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſs'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample ſpirit reſts,
Hail Son of GOD! Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's Praiſe disjoin.

ADAM *and* EVE *in Paradiſe.* *Milton.*

TWO of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honor clad
In naked Majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all, And

And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
For contemplation he and valor form'd.
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for GOD only; ſhe for GOD in him:
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtering, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad
She as a veil down to her ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of GOD or Angel, for they thought no ill;
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met.

The CREATION *finiſhed and ſurvey'd.* *Milton.*

HERE finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,

Th'

Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air,
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtations liſtening ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant;
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your everlaſting doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a *world*.

Adam *relates to the Angel* Raphael *his pleaſing Amazement on the firſt Survey he took of himſelf.*

MILTON.

FOR man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat; which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Strait toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,

As

As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady wood, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd or flew
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here!
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none returned,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flow'rs,
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought

I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd; one came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, thy manſion wants thee, *Adam*, arise,
Firſt man, of men innumerable ordain'd,
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd,
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd, each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: here had now began
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſee'ſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.

Adam *and* Eve's *Morning HYMN.* *Milton.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then?
Unſpeakable, who ſit'ſt above theſe heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven:
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime,
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater: ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move,
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

THOMSON's *HYMN on the* CREATION.

THESE, as they change, Almighty father, theſe,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleaſing ſpring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flufh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the ſummer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that live.
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding ſublime, Thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and benificence combin'd;
Shade unperceiv'd ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.

But wand'ring oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks thee not, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence,
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the ſpring;
Flings from the ſun directs the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes.
Oh talk of him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake the aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In

In mingled clouds to him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams.
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with ev'ry beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: Be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh ye hills: Ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: The broad reſponſive low,
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the great ſhepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! A boundleſs ſong,
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet *Philomela*, charm
The liſt'ning ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,

At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſs;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to Heav'n.
Or, if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of ſeaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* autumn gleams;
Or winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* Iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing; I cannot go
Where univerſal love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *Good*,

And *better* thence again and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.———But I loſe
Myſelf in him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe His praiſe.

The Symphony of the Spring. ***Thomſon.***

———Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill voic'd and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounting ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep tangled tree irregular, and buſh,
Bending with dewy moiſture o'er the heads
Of th' coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bull-finch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſh'ning ſhade
Of new ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And

And each harſh pipe diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

The Dawn of a Summer's Day. Thomſon.

WHITE break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown night retreats. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps aukward; while along the foreſt glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes,
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with *peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

SUN-RISING. Thomſon.

BUT yonder comes the pow'rful king of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow

Illum'd

Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad:
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer light!
Of all material beings, firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapp'd!
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding Worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

HYMN to the SUN. *Thomſon*

INFORMER of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not as now the green abodes of life;
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of *ſeaſons!* who the pomp precede

That

That waits thy throne, as through thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime,
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay,
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen the *ſeaſons* lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd *hours*,
The *zephyrs* floating looſe, the timely *rains*,
Of bloom æthereal, the light footed *dews*,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly *ſtorms*.
Theſe, ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling at thy touch
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes, the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, through all its melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,

Unequal far, great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him,
Who, Light himſelf, in uncreated Light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or Angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundleſs ſky?
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſhed ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every fault'ring tongue of man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Even in the depth of ſolitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy pow'r,
And to the choir celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal Cauſe, Support, and End of all!

The PRAISE of the MORNING:
Or the Sluggard Reproved. Thomſon.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake,
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due, and ſacred ſong?

For is there ought in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life,
Total extinction of the enlighten'd ſoul;
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain,
Longer than nature craves; when every muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?

A Storm of Thunder and Lightning. *Thomſon.*

'TIS liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all;
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt grouls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The light'nings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts
And opens wider, ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down

Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable light'ning ſtruggles thro'
Ragged and fierce, or red in whirling balls,
And fires the mountain with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmould'ring pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group, the blaſted cattle lie;
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye! and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from the deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid *Carnarvon*'s mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: With mighty cruſh
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and *Snowden*'s peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far ſeen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

A Prayer for the Proſperity of Great Britain. *Thomſon.*

O Thou! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,

Send forth the ſaving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrole: White *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears through ſmiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chaſtity*
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along.
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt parental virtue, *public Zeal*,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

Moral Reflections on a future State. Thomſon.

'TIS done!—dread winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, ſord man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years
Thy flowering ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at laſt,

And

And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs; thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſhed! virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high!—and ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears,
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life.
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that power,
And wiſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thoughts,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair, wore the red marks

Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd *evil*, is no more:
The ſtorms of wint'ry time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded ſpring encircle all.

A PRAYER. *Thomſon.*

FATHER of light and life! thou good ſupreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs.

Man a Miracle to himſelf. *Young.*

HOW poor? how rich? how abject? how auguſt?
How complicate? how wonderful is man?
How paſſing wonder HE, who made him ſuch?
Who center'd in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes?
From different nature's marvelouſly mix'd,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *Link* in being's endleſs chain!

Midway

Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ætherial, ſully'd, and abſorpt;
Tho' ſully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a God!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wondering at her *own*: how reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life? or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

A PRAYER. *Young.*

O Thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and could'ſt know
No motive but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing; with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;

Or

Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

CATO's *Soliloquy on the immortality of the Soul.*
Addiſon.

IT muſt be ſo—*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality!
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us,
'Tis heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! Thou pleaſing dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd Beings,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide—th'unbounded proſpect lies before me:
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

The SICK MAN *and the* ANGEL. *Gay.*

IS there no hope, the ſick man ſaid?
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.

When

When thus the man, with gaſping breath,
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid this world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion;
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends,
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply ſhown.

An Angel came. Ah, Friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour; Now,

Now, while you draw the vital breath,
Prove your intention is ſincere:
This inſtant give an hundred pound;
Your neighbours want and you abound.

But why ſuch haſte, the ſick man whines,
Who knows as yet what heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill:
That ſum and more are in my will.

Fool, ſays the viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your ſoul, your heav'n was gain;
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd and ſcrap'd beyond your right,
And after death would fain attone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte? ſo groan'd and dy'd.

The HARE *and many* FRIENDS. *Gay.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, who many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like *Gay*,
Was known by all the beſtial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;

Her

Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies;
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſure back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.

What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!

Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend;
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendſhip ev'ry burden's light.

The horſe replied, poor honeſt puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus;
Be comforted relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the ſtately bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may without offence pretend
To take the freedom of a friend,

Love calls me hence: a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distrest.

Shall I, said he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler you past by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart:
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! adieu,
For see the hounds are just in view.

The COURT *of* DEATH. *Gay.*

DEATH on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terrors ſate;
Th' Attendants on his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train,
Croud the vaſt court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our miniſter we name,
Let ev'ry ſervant ſpeak his claim;
Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand.
All at the word ſtretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat poſſeſs'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſs'd,
I to the weekly bills appeal;
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal,
On ev'ry ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere.

Next gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place,
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and ſinew plies:
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſs'd,
A moſt tenacious, ſtubborn gueſt.

A haggard ſpectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due.
'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of love deſtroy:

My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſions to the place.

Stone urg'd kis ever growing force,
And, next, conſumptions meagre corſe,
With feeble voice that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay,
Fatigue, and weaken every foe
By long attack, ſecure tho' ſlow.

Plague repreſents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wand,
Now expectation huſh'd the band;
When thus the Monarch from his throne:
Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no phyſician ſpeak his right!
None here?—But fees their toils requite.
Let then intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You fever, gout, and all the reſt,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteſt)
Forego your claim; no more pretend,
Intemp'rance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And as a courted gueſt deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

FALSE GREATNESS. *Watts.*

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him bleſs'd,
That only boaſts a large eſtate;
Should all the treaſures of the *Weſt*
Meet, and conſpire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon can't deſcend ſo low.
Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow ſoul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore,
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When *Cræſus* mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

III.

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Cræſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

A SPEECH *of King* Henry *the Fourth, upon his receiving News in the night, of the Rebellion of the Earl of* Northumberland. *Shakeſpear.*

HOW many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep!
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou wilt no more weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſleep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, lyeſt thou in ſmoky huts,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God! why lyeſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
Beneath rich canopies of coſtly ſtate,
A watch-caſe to a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt,

Seal

Seal up the ſhip-boys eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy, in an hour ſo rude?
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? then, happy, lowly clown,
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Cardinal WOLSEY's *Lamentation of his Fall.*

Shakeſpear.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root:
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers, in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate you;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that ſmile which we aſpire to,
That ſweet regard of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war and women know;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.
Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard: ſay then I taught thee;
Say, *Wolſey*, that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, tho' thy maſter miſs'd it.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O *Cromwell*,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr. Serve the King;
And prithee, lead me in———
There take an inventory of all I have
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all,
I now dare call my own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but ſerv'd my GOD with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Preſervation by Land and by Sea.

A Divine ODE.

Spectator.

1 HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

3 Thy

3 Thy mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry ſoil,
Made ev'ry region pleaſe;
The hoary *Alpine* hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the *Tyrrhene* ſeas.

4 Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

5 Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs
O'ercame the pilot's heart.

6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

7 For tho' in dreadful whirles we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou were not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

8 The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient at thy will;
The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

9 In midſt of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore,

And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt;
And humbly hope for more.

10 My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

RECOVERY from SICKNESS.
A Divine ODE.

Spectator.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſcloſ'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

5 Then

5 Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon ſure.

On Mrs. MASON. *In* Briſtol *Cathedral.*

By the Rev. Mr. W. MASON.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my ſoul holds dear!
Take that beſt gift which Heav'n ſo lately gave!
To *Briſtol*'s fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: ſhe bow'd to taſte the wave,
And died—does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſts alarm?
Speak dead MARIA! breathe a ſtrain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou ſhalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaſte, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's ſphere as meekly move:
And if ſo fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendſhip, and as fond in love.
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids the "pure in heart behold their God."

On

On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke.

Spectator.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, *Pembroke*'s mother;
Death, ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.

An EPITAPH, by Ben. Johnſon.

UNDERNEATH this ſtone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

The Inſcription on Shakeſpear's *Monument, taken from his Works.*

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf;
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Ode to Charity. By Miſs H. More.

I.

O CHARITY, divinely wiſe,
Thou meek-ey'd daughter of the ſkies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,

The

The beatific viſion ſhines,
And angel with archangel joins
In choral ſongs to ſing his praiſe,
PARENT OF LIFE, ANCIENT OF DAYS!
Who was ere time exiſted, and ſhall be
Thro' the wide round of vaſt eternity.
O come, thy warm benevolence impart,
Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart.

II.

O thou, enthron'd in realms above,
Bright effluence of that boundleſs love,
Whence joy and peace in ſtreams unſullied flow,
O deign to make thy lov'd abode below!
Tho' ſweeter ſtrains pour'd from my tongue,
Than ſaint conceiv'd, or ſeraph ſung,
And tho' my glowing fancy caught
Whatever *Art* or *Nature* taught
Yet, if this hard unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O CHARITY divine!
An empty ſhadow ſcience would be found,
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a ſound.

III.

Tho' my prophetic ſpirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid e'en this would nought avail,
For tongues ſhall ceaſe, and propecies ſhall fail:
Come then, thou ſweet celeſtial Gueſt,
Shed thy ſoft influence o'er my breaſt,

Bring

Bring with thee FAITH divinely bright,
And HOPE, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each miſt with their pervading ray,
To fit my ſoul for heaven and point the way,
Where perfect happineſs her ſway maintains,
For there the GOD OF PEACE for ever, ever reigns.

Virtue the only Nobility. *Young.*

LET high-birth triumph? What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate,
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from a conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high or baſe,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men and *wiſe*:
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate,
* The good and pious are the only great.

* There is a ſmall alteration here.

True Ambition. *Young.*

YE vain! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe *ſublime* of life,
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* dictates, and where *wiſdom* guides;

Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate,
Our *purpoſe* good, as our atchievment great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend,
Where glory is our *motive*, not our end.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd*? keep theſe high deeds in view.
Brave men would act tho' *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.

The Purſuit of Fame. *Young.*

WHAT can be emptier than the chace of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born and *forgot* ten thouſand in an hour?

Virtue conſtitutes true Happineſs. *Pope.*

TO whom can riches give repute or truſt,
Content and pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think GOD hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind.

Honour

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The teſt is all but leather or prunella.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.

On Gaming. *Young.*

THE love of gaming is the worſt of ills,
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills,
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the power, and will of doing good,
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
* And turns an Angel's to a fury's face.

* The laſt line is altered by the Editor, to make it comport with his deſign.

On Criminal Pleaſures. *Young.*

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like quick-ſilver, is bright and coy;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains,
What is it but rank poiſon in the veins?

The Floriſt moralized. *Young.*

WE ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy,
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt adore,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he, who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio, doating on a flower,
A ſhort liv'd flower, and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as *Florio*'s out of dung.

On Solitude. *Young.*

O Sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth) are *Innocence* and *Peace:*
There from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There bleſt with health, with buſineſs unperplext,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next.*

The Real Beauty diſtinguiſhed. *Young.*

LET angel forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature diſjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
Virtue made viſible in outward grace?

She

She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe charms, the more ſhe ſhocks mankind.

On the Same. *A Song by Mr.* EARL.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Do various hearts ſurprize;
In Stella's ſoul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundleſs Flavia's conqueſts are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like Eaſtern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore;
Thy charms will ev'ry day decreaſe,
Each day gives Stella more.

The Fair Lady's Wiſh.

IF it be true, celeſtial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet in all my vaineſt hours
My mind has been my care,

Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind;
What envious time takes from my face,
Beſtow upon my mind.

On a Bee ſtifled in Honey.

FROM flower to flower, with eager pains,
See the briſk, buſy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil ſhe gains,
Is in her hoarded ſweets to die.

'Tis thus (would man the truth believe)
With life's ſoft ſweets, each fav'rite joy;
If we taſte wiſely, they relieve;
But, if we plunge too deep, deſtroy.

The MIRROUR.

WHEN I revolve this evaneſcent ſtate,
How fleeting is its form, how ſhort its date!
My being and my ſtay dependant ſtill;
Not on mine own, but on another's will;
I aſk myſelf, as I my image view,
Which is the real ſhadow of the two.

The

The Unreaſonableneſs of denying a future State.

GLYNN's *Prize Poem on the Day of Judgment.*

SCEPTIC! whoe'er thou art, who ſay'ſt the Soul,
That particle divine, which God's own breath
Inſpir'd into the mortal maſs, ſhall reſt
Annihilate, till duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'ſt,
Why ev'ry nation, every clime, tho' all
In laws, in rites, in manners diſagree,
With one conſent expect another world,
Where wickedneſs ſhall weep? Why *Paynim* bards
Fabled *Elyſian* plains; *Tartarean* lakes,
Styx and *Cocytus?* tell why *Hali*'s ſons
Have feign'd a *Paradiſe* of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? or rather tell,
Why on the brink of *Orellana*'s ſtream,
Where never ſcience rear'd her ſacred torch,
Th'untutor'd *Indian* dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breaſt
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on ſecret good? Why conſcience acts
With tenfold force, when ſickneſs, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why ſuch horror gnaws the guilty ſoul
Of dying ſinners; while the good man ſleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a ſmile expires?

The

The grand Diſtinction betwixt the Virtuous and the Wicked reſerved for another State. GLYNN.

LOOK round the world! with what a partial hand
The ſcale of bliſs and miſery is ſuſtain'd!
Beneath the ſhade of cold obſcurity
Pale virtue lies; no arm ſupports her head,
No friendly voice ſpeaks comfort to her ſoul,
Nor ſoft-ey'd pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their ſtead, contempt and rude diſdain
Inſult the baniſh'd wand'rer: on ſhe goes
Neglected and forlorn: diſeaſe, and cold,
And famine, worſt of ills, her ſteps attend:
Yet patient, and to heav'ns juſt will reſign'd,
She ne'er is ſeen to weep, or heard to ſigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon ſweet ſmelling bow'r,
Where fluſh'd with all the inſolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd vice! for him th' *Arabian* gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; *Gallia*'s hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for theſe he pays the tribute due
To heav'n: of heaven he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jeſt obſcene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his roſy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd ſleep
Sheds a ſoft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'ſt thou this, righteous Father! ſee'ſt thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? ſhall good and ill

Be carried undiſtinguiſh'd to the land
Where all things are forgot? ah! no; the day
Will come, when virtue from the cloud ſhall burſt
That long obſcur'd her beams; when ſin ſhall fly
Back to her native hell; there ſink eclips'd
In penal darkneſs; where nor ſtar ſhall riſe,
Nor ever ſunſhine pierce th'impervious gloom.

The GREAT TRIBUNAL. Glynn.

ON that great day the ſolemn trump ſhall ſound,
(That trump which once in heaven on man's revolt
Convok'd th' aſtoniſh'd ſeraphs;) at whoſe voice
Th' unpeopled graves ſhall pour forth all their dead,
Then ſhall th' aſſembled nations of the earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-ſeat
Unite; *Egyptians*, *Babylonians*, *Greeks*,
Parthians: and they who dwelt on *Tyber's* banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chineſe and *Ruſſian*, *Mexican* and *Turk*,
Tenant the wide *Terrene*; and they who pitch
Their tents on *Niger's* banks; or where the ſun
Pours on *Golconda's* ſpires his early light,
Drink *Ganges'* ſacred ſtream, at once ſhall riſe
Whom diſtant ages to each other's ſight
Had long denied: before the throne ſhall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his ſide
Stands his deſcendant thro' a thouſand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,

Heroes

Heroes and Patriarchs, ſlaves and ſcepter'd kings,
With equal eye the GOD of all ſhall ſee,
And judge with equal love.

The End *of the* WORLD. Glynn.

HOW ſhall the muſe, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that reſtleſs element of fire
Shall wage with ſeas and earth inteſtine war,
And deluge all creation? whether (ſo
Some think) the comet, as thro' fields of air
Lawleſs he wanders, ſhall ruſh headlong on.
Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconſcious earth
Rolls in her wonted courſe; whether the ſun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,
Thoſe dread Volcanos where engend'ring lye
Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyſs
Pour ſtreams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erſt on *Sodom*, Heav'n's avenging hand
Rains fierce combuſtion.——Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages? Where are now
Th' imperial cities, ſepulchres, and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is *Egypt*'s boaſt,
Thoſe lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aſpiring heads, to diſtant times
Of *Memphian* pride, a laſting monument?

Tell

Tell me where *Athens* rais'd her tow'rs?—Where *Thebes*
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood ſea-girt *Albion?*—Where imperial *Rome*,
Propp'd by ſeven hills, ſat like a ſcepter'd queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?
Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill
Thro' many a valley ſtretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel
The roving *Tartar*, when with inſult rude
'Gainſt *Pekin*'s Tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.

But what is mimic art? ev'n nature's works,
Seas, meadows, paſtures, the meand'ring Streams,
And everlaſting hills ſhall be no more.
No more ſhall *Teneriff* cloud-piercing height
O'erhang th' *Atlantic* ſurge.—Nor that fam'd cliff
Thro' which the perſian ſteer'd with many a ſail.
Throw to the *Lemnian* iſle its evening ſhade
O'er half the wide *Ægean*.—Where's *Ararat*,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which ſeven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
Firſt reſted, when the earth with all her ſons,
As now by ſtreaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vaniſh'd and diſſolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain diſtinction: Heav'n itſelf,
That azure vault, with all thoſe radiant orbs,
Sinks in the univerſal ruin loſt.—
No more ſhall planets round their central ſun

Move

Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her ſilver lamp: and thoſe fix'd ſtars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the *Tuſcan* with his optic glaſs
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names
And magnitude, ſome winged miniſter
Shall quench; and (ſureſt ſign that all on earth
Is loſt) ſhall rend from Heaven the myſtic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whoſe coming who ſhall tell? for as a thief,
Unheard, unſeen, it ſteals with ſilent pace
Thro' night's dark gloom.—Perhaps, as here I ſit,
And rudely carol theſe incondite lays,
Soon ſhall the hand be check'd and dumb the mouth
That liſps the fault'ring ſtrain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-ſpent hour;
But find me wrapp'd in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator?

" Power ſupreme!
" O everlaſting King! to Thee I kneel,
" To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
" Melt all ye elements! And Thou, high Heaven,
" Shrink, like a ſhrivell'd ſcroll! But think, O Lord,
" Think on the beſt, the nobleſt of thy works;
" Think on thine own bright Image! Think on Him
" Who dy'd to ſave us from thy righteous wrath;
" And 'midſt the wreck of worlds, remember man."

LESSONS

LESSONS

CHIEFLY IN

PROSE.

The Advantages of early Piety.

Tillotſon.

YOUNG years are tender and eaſily wrought upon, apt to be moulded into any faſhions; they are like moiſt and ſoft clay, which is pliable to any form; but ſoon grows hard, and then nothing is to be made of it. It is a very difficult thing to make impreſſions upon age, and to deface the evil which hath been deeply imprinted upon young and tender minds. When good inſtruction hath been neglected at firſt, a conceited ignorance doth commonly take poſſeſſion, and obſtruct all the paſſages through which knowledge and wiſdom ſhould enter into us.

Upon this conſideration the work of religion ſhould be begun by times, becauſe it is a mighty advantage to any thing to be planted in a ground

that is newly broken up. It is juſt the ſame thing for young perſons to be entered into a religious Courſe, and to have their minds habituated to virtue before vicious cuſtoms have got place and ſtrength in us: for whoever ſhall attempt this afterwards will meet with infinite difficulty and oppoſition, and muſt diſpute this ground by inches.

It is good therefore to do that which muſt be done one time or other, when it is eaſieſt to be done; when we may do it with the greateſt advantage and are likely to meet with the leaſt and weakeſt oppoſition. We ſhould anticipate vice and prevent the devil in the world, by letting GOD into our hearts betimes, and giving religion the firſt ſeaſon and poſſeſſion of our ſouls. This is the time of ſowing our ſeed, which muſt by no means be neglected. For the ſoul will not lie fallow; good or evil will come up. If our minds be not cultivated by religion, ſin and vice will get the poſſeſſion of them: but if our tender years be ſeaſoned with the knowledge and fear of GOD, this in all probability will have a good influence upon the following courſe of our lives.

The preciouſneſs of Time. TILLOTSON.

TIME is the ſeaſon and opportunity of carrying on of any work, and for that reaſon is one of the moſt valuable things; and yet nothing

thing is more waſtefully ſpent, and more prodigally ſquandered away by a greater part of mankind than this, which, next to our immortal ſouls, is of all things moſt precious; becauſe upon the right uſe or abuſe of our Time, our eternal happineſs or miſery does depend. Men have generally ſome guard upon themſelves as to their money and eſtates, and will not with eyes open ſuffer others to rob and deprive them of it: but we will let any body almoſt rob us of our Time, and are contented to expoſe this precious treaſure to every body's rapine and extortion, and can quietly look on, while men thruſt in their hands, and take it out by whole handfuls, as if it were of no greater value than ſilver was in *Solomon*'s days, no more than the ſtones in the ſtreet. And yet when it is gone, all the ſilver and gold in the world cannot purchaſe and fetch back the leaſt moment of it, when perhaps we would give all the world for a very ſmall part of that Time which we parted with upon ſuch cheap and eaſy terms.

The Guilt of Lying. Tillotſon.

TRUTH and Faithfulneſs are divine perfections; but Lying and Falſhood are the properties of the Devil, and the predominant qualities of Hell.

No Man can be cruel and unmerciful, falſe and treacherous, without a very high degree of guilt; becauſe theſe ſins are contrary to the chiefeſt and moſt eſſential perfections of GOD. Lying is a ſin that would fly in the face of an heathen, becauſe it directly contradicts thoſe natural notions which every man hath of GOD and religion; therefore we find that there is hardly any thing that men are more aſhamed of than to be taken in a Lie, and it is eſteemed the higheſt reproach to be charged with it; it argues ſuch a direct contrariety to that which is the rule of perfection, "the nature of GOD," and conſequently ſo much imperfection and baſeneſs; he that tells a Lie out of fear, is at once bold towards GOD, and baſe towards men.

The Evil of corrupt Communication. Tillotſon.

ALL corruption and evil Communication is a notorious abuſe of one of the greateſt and beſt gifts which GOD hath given us, and does directly contradict the natural end and uſe of ſpeech. Our tongue is our glory, as the holy Pſalmiſt often calls it, who had duly conſidered the excellency and uſe of this faculty, and took great care to employ it to the purpoſes to which GOD gave it, and is herein an admirable pattern to us.

The two great ends for which this faculty of ſpeech is given us, are to glorify GOD our Maker, and

and to edify man our neighbour: but all corrupt Communication contradicts both these ends; because instead of praising God with pure hearts and lips, we do greatly dishonor him, by pollutingour tongues with lewd and filthy talk. For hereby we offer a direct affront to his holy nature and laws. This renders us altogether unfit for the worship and service of Almighty God, who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and impurity of any kind. For how can we think that he will accept those prayers and praises, which are offered to him by such impure and unhallowed lips? when we dishonor God with the same mouth that we pretend to glorify him? and commit sin with the same tongue that we confess it? How can we hope that he will accept the sacrifice of such polluted lips, out of which proceed things so contrary and inconsistent?

Against Prophaneness in ordinary Conversation.

Tillotson.

AS all kind of Prophaneness is unprofitable, so more especially customary swearing in ordinary conversation, upon every occasion of passion, or any other trivial cause, nay it may be without cause, out of mere habit and custom. Now what can possibly be imagined to be the profit or plea-

ſure of this vice? Senſual pleaſure in it there can be none, becauſe it is not founded in the temper of the body: A man may be naturally prone to anger or luſt; but no man I think is born with a ſwearing conſtitution.

And as there is as little profit as pleaſure in it; for the common and trivial uſe of oaths makes them perfectly inſignificant to their end, and is ſo far from giving credit to a man's word, that it rather weakens the reputation of it.

The pernicious Tendency of Idleneſs. Tillotſon.

IDLENESS is the bane and ruin of children; it is the unbending of their ſpirits, the ruſt of their faculties, and as it were the laying of their minds fallow; not as huſbandmen do their lands, that they may get new heart and ſtrength; but to impair and loſe that which they have. Children that are bred up to lazineſs are almoſt neceſſarily bad, becauſe they cannot take the pains to be good; and they cannot take pains, becauſe they have never been inured and accuſtomed to it; which makes their ſpirits reſtive, and when you have occaſion to quicken them and ſpur them up to buſineſs, they will ſtand ſtock ſtill. The devil tempts the active and vigorous into his ſervice, knowing what fit and proper inſtruments they are to do his drudgery: but the ſlothful and idle, nobody having

having hired them and ſet them to work, lie in his way, and he ſtumbles upon them as he goes about; and they do as it were offer themſelves to his ſervice, and having nothing to do, they even tempt the devil himſelf to tempt them, and to take them in his way.

The Vanity of good Reſolutions, without ſuitable Endeavours. Tillotſon.

A Sincere Reſolution of a better courſe does imply a Reſolution of the means, as well as of the end; he that is truly reſolved againſt any ſin, is likewiſe reſolved againſt the occaſions and temptations that would lead and draw him to it; otherwiſe he hath taken up a raſh and fooliſh Reſolution which he is not like to keep, becauſe he did not reſolve upon that which was neceſſary to the keeping of it. So he that reſolves upon any part of his duty, muſt likewiſe reſolve upon the means which are neceſſary to the diſcharge and performance of it; he that is reſolved to be juſt in his dealing, and pay his debts, muſt be diligent in his calling, and mind his buſineſs, becauſe without this he cannot do the other; for nothing can be more vain and fond, than for a man to pretend that he is reſolved upon doing his duty, when he neglects any thing that is neceſſary to put him into a capacity, and to further him in the diſcharge of it.

it. This is as if a man ſhould reſolve to be well, and yet never take phyſic, or be careleſs in obſerving the rules which are preſcribed in order to his health. So for a man to reſolve againſt drunkenneſs, and yet to run himſelf upon the temptations which naturally lead to it, by frequenting the company of lewd and intemperate perſons; this is as if a man ſhould reſolve againſt the plague, and run into the peſt houſe. Whatever can reaſonably move a man to be reſolved upon any end, will, if this Reſolution be wiſe and honeſt, determine him as ſtrongly to uſe the means which are proper and neceſſary to that end.

The Reverence due to Conſcience. Tillotſon.

WE ſhould reverence our Conſciences, and ſtand in awe of them, and have a great regard to their teſtimony and verdict: for Conſcience is a domeſtic judge, and a kind of familiar GOD. And therefore, next to the Supreme Majeſty of Heaven and Earth, every man ſhould be afraid to offend his own Reaſon and Conſcience, which, whenever we knowingly do amiſs, will beat us with many ſtripes, and handle us more ſeverely than the greateſt enemy we have in the world: ſo that, next to the dreadful ſentence of the great day, every man hath reaſon to dread the ſentence of his own Conſcience. "GOD indeed is

"greater

" greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things ;" but under him, we have the greateſt reaſon to fear the judgment of our own Conſciences: for nothing but that can give us comfort, and nothing can create ſo much trouble and diſquiet to us.

The Comforts of a good Conſcience. Tillotſon.

THERE is certainly no ſuch comfort under the evils and afflictions of this life, as a faithful witneſs in our breaſts of our own innocency and integrity: when we are afflicted by GOD, or perſecuted and reviled by men, it cannot but be a mighty conſolation to us, to be conſcious to ourſelves of our own ſincerity. For though no man can acquit and juſtify himſelf before God, as to the perfect innocency of his life, yet as to the general courſe and tenor of an unblameable life, a good man may appeal to GOD, and even when he afflicts him, may look upon him as a tender and compaſſionate Father, and not as an angry and revengeful Judge. But, above all other times, the comforts of a good Conſcience is moſt ſenſible, and moſt conſiderable at the hour of death: for as nothing dejects a man's ſpirits more, and ſends him down with ſo much ſorrow to the grave, as the guilt of an evil Conſcience; ſo on the other hand, there is nothing that revives and raiſes the fainting ſpirits of a dying man, like the Conſcience of a holy

holy and uſeful life, which hath brought glory to God, and good to men.

Divine Goodneſs in the Creation. Watts.

THE moſt univerſal and conſpicuous appearances both of the earth and ſky, are deſigned for the convenience, the profit and pleaſure of all the animal Creation: all that we ſee above us, and all beneath us, is ſuited to our nouriſhment or to our delight. What is more neceſſary for the ſupport of life than *Food?* Behold the earth is covered with it all around; graſs, herbs, and fruits for beaſts and men, were ordained to overſpread all the ſurface of the ground, ſo that an animal could ſcarce wander any where, but his food was near him. Amazing proviſion for ſuch an immenſe family!

What is more joyful than the *light?* Truly *the light is ſweet,* (ſays the wiſeſt of men) and a *pleaſant thing 'tis to behold the* light of the *Sun.* See the whole circuit of the heavens is repleniſhed with ſun-beams, ſo that while the day laſts, whereſoever the eye is placed, 'tis ſurrounded with this enjoyment; it drinks in the eaſy and general bleſſing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. 'Tis light conveys to our notice all the riches of the Divine workmanſhip; without it nature would be a huge

and

and eternal blank, and her infinite beauties for ever unknown.

Again; what are the ſweeteſt *colours* in nature, the moſt delighting to the eye, and moſt refreſhing too? Surely the *green* and the *blue* claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philoſophy, tells us, that bodies of *blue* and *green* colours ſend us ſuch rays of light to our eyes, as are leaſt hurtful or offenſive; we can endure them longeſt; whereas the *red* and the *yellow*, or the *orange* colour, ſend more uneaſy rays in abundance, and give greater confuſion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it ſooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the divine goodneſs dreſſed all the heavens in *blue*, and the earth in *green*. Our habitation is overhung with a canopy of moſt beautiful *azure*, and a rich *verdant* pavement is ſpread under our feet, that the eye may be pleaſed and eaſy, whereſoever it turns itſelf, and that the moſt univerſal objects it has to converſe with might not impair the ſpirits, and make the ſenſe weary.

1 When GOD the new-made world ſurvey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building *good*:
Sun-beams and *light* the heav'ns array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with *food*.

2 Colours that charm and eaſe the eye,
His pencil ſpread all nature round;
With pleaſing *blue* he arch'd the ſky,
And a *green* carpet ſpread the ground.

3 Let

3 Let envious atheiſts ne'er complain
That nature wants, or ſkill, or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's goodneſs there.

DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.

SPECTATOR.

THE man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the Divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his neareſt and beſt Friend. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are moſt inactive: he no ſooner ſteps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Author and Supporter of its exiſtence.

True Religion of univerſal Influence, and always the ſame. WHICHCOTE.

RELIGION doth poſſeſs and effect the whole Man: in the underſtanding it is knowledge; in the life it is obedience; in the affections it is delight

delight in God; in our carriage and behaviour, it is modeſty, calmneſs, gentleneſs, quietneſs, candour, ingenuity; in our dealings, it is uprightneſs, integrity, correſpondence with the rules of righteouſneſs. Religion makes men virtuous in all inſtances.—Religion itſelf is always the ſame, but things about religion are not always the ſame; theſe have not in them the power or virtue of religion; they are not of a ſanctifying nature; they do not purify our minds as things of a moral nature do; ſo that religion may ſtand without them.

On SERIOUSNESS.

AH my friends! while we *laugh* all things are ſerious around us; GOD is ſerious, who exerciſeth patience towards us; CHRIST is ſerious, who ſhed his blood for us; the HOLY GHOST is ſerious, who ſtriveth againſt the obſtinacy of our hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the moſt ſerious things in the world; the Holy Sacrament repreſents the moſt ſerious and awful matters; the whole Creation is ſerious in ſerving GOD and us; all that are in Heaven and Hell are ſerious; how then can we be gay?—To give theſe excellent words their full force, it ſhould be known that they came not from the prieſthood, but the court; and from a * courtier as eminent as *England* ever boaſted.

* Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,

On the Efficacy of good Example. TILLOTSON.

GOOD example is an unſpeakable benefit to mankind, and hath a ſecret power and influence upon thoſe with whom we converſe, to form them into the ſame diſpoſition and manners. It is a living rule that teacheth men without trouble, and lets them ſee their faults without open reproof and upbraiding. Beſides that it adds great weight to a Man's council and perſuaſion, when we ſee that he adviſes nothing but what he does, nor exacts any thing from others, from which he himſelf deſires to be excuſed. On the contrary, nothing is more cold and inſignificant than good council from a bad man, one that does not obey his own precepts, nor follow the advice which he is ſo forward to give to others.

The Advantage of Example beyond Precept. SCOT.

PRECEPTS and diſcourſes of virtue are only the Pictures, and artificial deſcriptions of it: A virtuous example is virtue animated, and expoſed to our view in all its living charms and attractions; and therefore by how much nature exceeds art, and the moſt accompliſhed beauties excel their ſtatues and pictures, by ſo much is virtue in example more amiably attractive than in precepts and diſcourſes. In good examples we ſee virtue alive and in motion, exerting itſelf in the moſt comely actions and graceful geſtures.

Letter

Letter from Mr. GAY *to Mr.* F***.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect from me here, is news from Heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is ſcarce any thing that can reach me, except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have eſcaped: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which however I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to GOD that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat too much more conſtant lovers than ever were found in romance under the ſhade of a beech tree. *John Hewet* was a well-ſet man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſſed through the various labours of the year together with the greateſt ſatisfaction. If ſhe milked, it was his morning and evening care to

bring the cows to her hand. It was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſy on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood, for ſcandal never affirmed, that he had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to he happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding cloaths, and *John* was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of *July*, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of light'ning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. *John*, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if Heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtept to the place where they

they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and ſpied this faithful pair, *John* with one arm about *Sarah*'s neck, and the other held over as to ſkreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this tender poſture. *Sarah*'s left eyebrow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* church-yard.

Yours, *&c.*

Human Life, a Pilgrimage; illuſtrated by an Eaſtern Story. Spectator.

A DERVISE travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the King's palace by a miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet, in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the manner of the eaſtern nations. He had not been long in this poſture, before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him what was his buſineſs in that place? The *Dervise* told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that

bring the cows to her hand. It was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſy on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood, for ſcandal never affirmed, that he had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to he happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding cloaths, and *John* was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of *July*, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of light'ning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. *John*, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if Heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtept to the place where they

they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and ſpied this faithful pair, *John* with one arm about *Sarah*'s neck, and the other held over as to ſkreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this tender poſture. *Sarah*'s left eyebrow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* church-yard.

Yours, *&c.*

Human Life, a Pilgrimage; illuſtrated by an Eaſtern Story. Spectator.

A DERVISE travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the King's palace by a miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet, in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the manner of the eaſtern nations. He had not been long in this poſture, before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him what was his buſineſs in that place? The *Derviſe* told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that

caravanſary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the houſe he was in, was not a caravanſary, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himſelf paſſed through the gallery during this debate, and ſmiling at the miſtake of the *Derviſe*, aſked him how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a palace from a caravanſary? Sir, ſays the *Derviſe*, give me leave to aſk your Majeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built? The King replied, *his anceſtors*. And who, ſays the *Derviſe*, was the laſt perſon that lodged here? The King replied, *his father*. And who is it, ſays the *Derviſe*, that lodges here at preſent? The King told him, *that it was he himſelf*. And who, ſays the *Derviſe*, will be here after you? The King anſwered, *the young prince his ſon*. "Ah, Sir, ſaid the *Derviſe*, "a houſe that changes its inha- "bitants ſo often, and receives ſuch a perpetual "ſucceſſion of gueſts, is not a palace but a cara- "vanſary."

The preſent Life, conſidered merely in itſelf, a low Scene of Action.

Burnet's Theory.

WHAT is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and

and the circle returns. We ſpend the day in trifles, and when the night comes, we throw ourſelves into the bed of folly, amongſt dreams and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the ſtalls or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than theſe? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world: 'Tis at leaſt a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed, we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our fellow mortals; and if we ſucceed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.

The Folly and Danger of Procraſtination in Religion.
Tillotſon.

THERE is no greater evidence that a man doth not really intend to do a thing, than when notwithſtanding he ought upon all accounts, and may in all reſpects better do it at preſent than hereafter, yet he ſtill puts it off. Whatever thou pretendeſt, this is a mere ſhift to get rid of a preſent trouble. It is like giving good words, and making fair promiſes to a clamorous and importunate creditor, and appointing him to come another day, when the man knows in his conſcience that he

he intends not to pay him, and that he ſhall be leſs able to diſcharge the debt then than he is at preſent. Whatever reaſons thou haſt againſt reforming thy life now, will ſtill remain and be in as full force hereafter, nay probably ſtronger than they are at preſent. Thou art unwilling now, and ſo thou wilt be hereafter, and in all likelihood much more unwilling. So that this reaſon will every day improve upon thy hands, and have ſo much the more ſtrength by how much the longer thou continueſt in thy ſins. Thou haſt no reaſon in the world againſt the preſent time but only that it is preſent; why, when hereafter comes to be preſent the reaſon will be juſt the ſame. So that thy preſent unwillingneſs is ſo far from being a juſt reaſon againſt it, that it is a good reaſon the other way; becauſe thou art unwilling now, and like to be more ſo hereafter; if thou intendeſt to do it at all, thou ſhouldeſt ſet about it immediately, and without delay. In matters of great and neceſſary concernment, and which muſt be done, there is no greater argument of a weak and impotent mind than irreſolution; to be undetermined where the caſe is ſo plain, and the neceſſity ſo urgent; to be always about doing that which we are convinced muſt be done.

Victuros agimus ſemper, nec vivimus unquam.

We are always intending to live a new life, but can never find a time to ſet about it. This

is

is as if a man ſhould put off eating and drinking and ſleeping from one day and night to another, till he has ſtarved and deſtroyed himſelf.

The hoary fool who many days
Had ſtruggled with continued ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate bett upon to-morrow.
To-morrow comes, 'tis noon, 'tis night,
This day like all the former flies;
Yet on he runs to ſeek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies. Prior.

An Elegy written in a Country Church Yard.

Gray.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the Hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall call them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſe-wife ply her ev'ning care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teems a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke.

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure!
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle, and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village *Hampden*, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt;
Some *Cromwell*, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs o fconſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes o fingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding croud's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd
Implores the paſſing tributes of a ſigh.

Their names, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply,
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
To teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind.

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove:
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him
'borne,
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a Friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his GOD.

Reflections on a ſolitary Walk in Weſtminſter Abbey.
Spectator.

WHEN I am in a ſerious humour, I very often walk by myſelf in *Weſtminſter* Abbey; where the gloomineſs of the place, and the uſe to which it is applied, with the ſolemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lye in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and

can

can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and ſolemn ſcenes, with the ſame pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myſelf with thoſe objects which others conſider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate deſire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombſtone, my heart melts with compaſſion; when I ſee the tomb of the parents themſelves, I conſider the vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: when I ſee kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival wits placed ſide by ſide, or the holy men that divided the world with their conteſts and diſputes, I reflect with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the ſeveral dates of the tombs, of ſome that died yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred years ago, I conſider that great day when we ſhall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Reflections on the Diſſolution of the viſible World.

Burnet's Theory.

LET us reflect upon this occaſion on the vanity and tranſient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking looſe

upon the reſt, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vaniſhed; and another form and face of things, plain, ſimple, and every where the ſame, overſpreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they ſtood, read the inſcription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impreſſions, what difference, or diſtinction, do you ſee in this maſs of fire? *Rome* itſelf, eternal *Rome*, the great city, the empreſs of the world, whoſe denomination and ſuperſtition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the hiſtory of this earth; what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were ſtrong and ſumptuous. *She glorified herſelf, and lived deliciouſly, and ſaid in her heart, I ſit a queen, and ſhall see no ſorrow:* but her hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlaſting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlaſting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the ſun, and *their place is no where found.* Here ſtood the *Alps*, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge maſs

of

of ſtone is ſoftened and diſſolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here ſtood the *African* mountains, and *Atlas* with his top above the clouds; there was frozen *Caucaſus*, *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the mountains of *Aſia*; and yonder towards the north ſtood the *Riphæan* hills, clothed in ice and ſnow. All theſe are vaniſhed, dropped away as the ſnow upon their heads. *Great and marvellous are thy works, juſt and true are thy ways, thou King of ſaints! Hallelujah!*

Contemplations on future Bleſſedneſs a noble Source of Joy to the true Chriſtian. Tillotſon.

WITH what joy ſhould we think of thoſe "great and glorious things which GOD "hath prepared for them that love him, of that "Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, which fa-"deth not away, reſerved for us in the heavens?" How ſhould we welcome the thoughts of that happy hour, when we ſhall make our eſcape out of theſe priſons, when we ſhall paſs out "of this "howling wilderneſs into the promiſed land," when we ſhall be removed from all the troubles and temptations of a wicked and ill-natured world; when we ſhall be paſt all ſtorms, and ſecured from all further danger of ſhipwreck, and

ſhall be ſafely landed in the regions of bliſs and immortality?

O bleſſed time! "when all tears ſhall be wiped "from our eyes, and death and ſorrow ſhall be "no more; when mortality ſhall be ſwallowed "up of life," and we ſhall enter upon the poſſeſſion of all that happineſs and glory which GOD hath promiſed, and our faith hath believed, and our hopes have raiſed us to the expectation of; when we ſhall be eaſed of all our pains, and reſolved of all our doubts, and be purged from all our ſins, and be freed from all our fears, and be happy beyond all our hopes, and have all this happineſs ſecured to us beyond the power of time and change; when we ſhall know GOD and other things without ſtudy, and love him and one another without meaſure, and ſerve and praiſe him without wearineſs, and obey his will without reluctancy; and ſhall ſtill be more and more delighted in the knowing, and loving, and praiſing, and obeying of GOD to all eternity.

Eternity! that boundleſs race,
Which time himſelf can never run,
Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace,
Which when ten thouſand thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

Congreve.

On

On the MORNING. Hervey.

ONLY the wakeful lark has left her neſt, and is mounting on high to ſalute the opening day. Elevated in air, ſhe ſeems to call the laborious huſbandman to his toil, and all her fellow ſongſters to their notes. Earlieſt of birds, companion of the dawn, may I always riſe at thy voice! Riſe to offer the matin ſong; and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." O how charming to rove abroad, at this ſweet *hour of prime!* to enjoy the calm of nature; to tread the dewy lawns; and taſte the unrifled freſhneſs of the air!

Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds. *Milton.*

What a pleaſure do the ſons of *ſloth* loſe! little, ah! little is the ſluggard ſenſible how delicious an entertainment he foregoes, for one of the pooreſt of all animal gratifications.———Is it the ſurmiſe of imagination, or do the ſkies really redden with ſhame, to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched on their drowſy pillows? Shall man be loſt in luxurious eaſe? Shall man waſte theſe precious hours in idle ſlumbers, while the vigorous ſun is up, and going on his Maker's errand? While all the feathered choir are hymning their Creator, and paying their homage in harmony?—No—Let *him* heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes, by adding the rational

rational ſtrains of devotion. Let *him* improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling with the riſing odours, the more refined breath of praiſe.

On the Worth of Time.

BISHOP *Atterbury* in his advanced years thus ſpeaks in a letter to Mr. *Pope*:—I who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours, when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation. They are not of ſo much worth, perhaps, in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon.

On the Improvement of Time. Hervey.

YE that are vigorous in health, and blooming in years, improve the precious opportunity. Improve your golden hours to the nobleſt of all purpoſes; ſuch as may render you meet for the inheritance of the ſaints in light; and aſcertain your title to a ſtate of immortal youth, to a crown of eternal glory. Stand not all the prime of your day idle; trifle no longer with the offers of this immenſe felicity: but make haſte and delay not the

the time to keep GOD's commandments. While you are loitering in a gay inſenſibility, death may be bending his bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy victims.———Not long ago, I happened to ſpy a thoughtleſs jay. The poor bird was idly buſied in dreſſing his pretty plumes, or hopping careleſsly from ſpray to ſpray. A ſportſman coming by, obſerved the feathered rover, and immediately lifts the tube, and levels his blow. Swifter than whirlwind flies the leaden death, and in a moment lays the ſilly creature breathleſs on the ground. ———Such, *ſuch* may be the fate of the man, who has a fair occaſion of obtaining grace to-day; and wantonly poſtpones the improvement of it till to-morrow. He may be cut off in the midſt of his folly; and ruined for ever, while he is dreaming of being wiſe hereafter.

On the Uncertainty of Life. Hervey.

O How thin is the partition between this world and another! How ſhort the paſſage from time to eternity! The partition nothing more than the breath of our noſtrils, and the tranſition may be made in the twinkling of an eye. Poor *Chremylus* aroſe from the diverſion of the card-table, and dropped into the dwellings of darkneſs.—One night, *Corinna* was all gaiety in her ſpirits, all finery in her apparel, at a magnificent ball. The

next

next night ſhe lay pale and ſtiff; an extended corpſe, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering dead. Young *Atticus* lived to ſee his ample and commodious ſeat compleated; but not to ſpend one joyous hour under the ſtately roof. The ſaſhes were hung to admit day; but the maſter's eyes are cloſed in endleſs night. The apartments were furniſhed to invite ſociety, or adminiſter repoſe; but their lord reſts in the lower parts of the earth, in the ſolitary, ſilent chambers of the tomb. The gardens were planned, and a thouſand elegant decorations deſigned; but alas! their intended poſſeſſor is gone down to "the place of ſkulls," is gone down to the valley of the ſhadow of death. Legions, *Legions* of diſaſters ſuch as no prudence can foreſee, and no care prevent, lie in wait to accompliſh our doom.

So frail, ſo extremely fine is the thread of life, that it not only burſts before the *ſtorm*, but breaks even at a *breeze*. The moſt common occurrences, thoſe from which we expect not the leaſt harm, may prove the weapons of our deſtruction: nay our very comforts may become killing. The air we breathe may be our bane; and the food we eat the vehicle of death. Since then we are ſo liable to be diſpoſſeſſed of this earthly tabernacle, let us look upon ourſelves only as *tenants at will*, and hold ourſelves in perpetual readineſs to depart at a moment's warning.

The

The Emperor ADRIAN *to his departing Soul.*

Tranſlated by Mr. POPE.

AH fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing chearful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all tremb'ling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

The Dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

VITAL ſpark of Heavenly flame!
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life!

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my *Soul*, can this be death?

The

The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my *eyes!* my ears
With ſounds *ſeraphic* ring:
Lend, lend your *wings!* I mount, I fly!
O *grave!* where is thy victory?
O *death!* where is thy ſting?

On HEAVEN.

HEAVEN! that world of bliſs, that region of light and happineſs, O! what pencil can ſketch out a draught of that goodly land? what tongue can expreſs the incomparable ſplendor of Chriſt's Kingdom? would ſome kind celeſtial hand draw aſide the veil but for a moment, and permit us to caſt but a ſingle glance on thoſe divine Abodes; how dull and inſipid would the poſſeſſions of this world inſtantly appear? The garden of Paradiſe itſelf, after ſuch a ſight, would appear as a lonely deſart, and all earthly charms as a world of pain. Very excellent things are ſpoken of thee, thou City of GOD. Volumes have been written to diſplay the wonders of thy perfections. All that is rich and ſplendid in this viſible creation has been called in to aid our conceptions, and elevate our minds. But alas! no tongue can utter, no pen can deſcribe, no fancy can imagine what GOD, of his unbounded goodneſs, has prepared for them that love him.———Seeing then, that all earthly things muſt ſoon come to an end; and there remaineth

maineth ſuch a reſt, ſuch a bliſsful and everlaſting reſt for the people of GOD; let me never be too fondly attached to any preſent ſatisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a perfect indifference for all ſuch tranſitory enjoyments; but may I long, earneſtly long for the manſions that are above, the Paradiſe which the Lord hath planted, and not man. Thither may I tranſmit the chief of my converſation, and there expect the whole of my happineſs.

ORIGINAL PIECES.

A MORNING SONG:

Being in Imitation, in Metre, of Milton's *Morning Hymn.*

1 PARENT of good! Almighty God!
The pureſt light is thine abode;
This univerſal frame is thine,
And ſpeaks thy ſkill, and power divine.

2 How rich thy bounties, LORD, are ſpread?
Where'er we gaze, where'er we tread,
Thy varied works all wond'rous are,
Thyſelf how much more wond'rous fair!

3 Ye angels ſpeak, pure ſons of light,
For him ye ſee day without night,
Circling his throne, with joy ye raiſe
Your voice harmonious to his praiſe.

4 All ye in heaven, on earth join all,
And in your loftieſt ſtrains extol
Him firſt, him laſt, and without end;
Whoſe greatneſs none can comprehend.

5 Ye ſtars that fix'd the heavens adorn,
And ye that uſher in the morn,
Ye wand'ring fires where'er ye rove,
Proclaim that power by which ye move.

6 Thou ſun, both eye and quick'ning ſoul
Of this great world from pole to pole,
Thy greater Maker cheerful praiſe,
Who gave thee all thy golden rays.

7 Him praiſe, whilſt climbing in thy might,
And when thou gain'ſt thy noon-tide height;
When ſinking in thy wat'ry bed,
O'er gilded waves his glories ſpread.

8 Beſt emblem of that Infinite,
Who out of darkneſs call'd up light;
Who in his bounty ceaſeleſs flows,
To bleſs his friends, to cheer his foes.

9 Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun,
And now his nearer beams doſt ſhun,

Praiſe

Praiſe him who all thy wand'rings guides,
And bade thee rule the ſwelling tides.

10 Ye elements, his praiſe diſplay,
Whilſt ye his influence wide convey;
Let nature in her changing round
By you his honours high reſound.

11 Him praiſe, air, meteors, vapours all,
That now in ſhow'rs moſt fruitful fall;
Now painted by the hand divine,
In clouds of gold all beauteous ſhine.

12 Ye winds, in whiſpers ſpeak his praiſe,
And when in ſtorms your voice ye raiſe,
Ye plants, ye pines of lofty brow,
Your heads in ſign of rev'rence bow.

13 Ye fountains, warbling as ye flow,
In murmurs pay the debt you owe;
Bear on your wings, ye birds, his praiſe,
And mounting ſing your ſweeteſt lays.

14 Fiſhes, that gliding cut the ſeas,
And ye whom earth doth better pleaſe,
Who lowly creep, or ſtately tread,
Your Maker's honours joyous ſpread.

15 Ye *Chief*, for whom earth teeming ſmiles;
And heaven with choiceſt gifts diſtils;
Ye *Head* on this terreſtrial ball,
"Crown the great hymn," be tongue for all.

16 *Man*, raiſe thy voice above the reſt,
Let gratitude inſpire thy breaſt;
Thy heart and voice each morning raiſe
To ſing thy Maker's matchleſs praiſe.

The LORD's PRAYER in Verſe.

FATHER of all! thou GOD alone;
In heaven is plac'd thy lofty throne.
Thy ſacred Name revered be
By ev'ry heart, and tongue, and knee.
On *Adam*'s ſons thy ſpirit ſhed,
Thus thro' the world thy kingdom ſpread.
May men on earth obey thy will
As chearful angels it fulfil.
To us our daily bread impart,
And with our bread the thankful heart.
Our ſins forgive; and may we learn
Like thee to pardon in our turn.
Let no temptation us o'ertake,
And ev'ry ſin may we forſake.
Our pow'rful Guardian always prove,
And threat'ning evil far remove.
The kingdom, glory, and the power,
Are thine both now and evermore.

The SOARING LARK.

PRETTY, flutt'ring, tuneful Bird,
Morning's Herald, thou art heard

Waiting

Waiting when the God of day
Shall aſcend his heavenly way:
Ere he gilds the mountain's top,
Darting feebler beams aſlope,
Thou ambitious prun'ſt thy wing,
Thus prepar'd thy ſong to ſing;
To thy Maker's lofty praiſe,
Who the feather'd tribe arrays,
And inſpires their warbling throats,
With ten thouſand diff'rent notes:
Soaring high, thou doſt prolong,
With ſwelling note thy matin ſong;
Till thou'rt loſt to human ſight,
In thy ſteady, arduous flight:
Mounting ſtill thou art not tir'd,
Neareſt heaven art moſt inſpir'd,
As tho' longing to be one
Of the hoſt around the throne,
Who in ſinging never tire,
Whil'ſt they ſtrike th' immortal lyre.
Pretty bird, thy ſong muſt end,
Thou to earth again deſcend;
Singing ſtill thy very beſt,
Down thou droppeſt to thy neſt.
Tuneful bird, to be like thee,
My ambition it ſhall be;
With each grace within poſſeſs'd,
Low, like thee, I'd build my neſt:
Where to ſink, and how to riſe,
Thou my pattern ſhalt adviſe.

* *The Fading Roſe: or Sylvia inſtructed.*

LOVELY, bluſhing, prickly roſe,
Emblem juſt of human woes;
Emblem too of all the joys
That our ſorrows counterpoiſe,
Thou with thorns encompaſs'd art,
Such the joys of human heart.
Short thy beauty, dreſs'd ſo fine,
Fully blown thou doſt decline.
Mine's the beauty of an hour,
Like to thine, thou fading flower.
Man impatient will not ſtop,
Thee but opening, he will crop.
Canker, ſnails, and clatt'ring hail,
Spite of charms will oft prevail.
Foes like theſe ſhould'ſt thou eſcape,
Time is ſure to ſpoil thy ſhape.
In thy prime I ſaw thee laſt,
Now I ſee thy beauty paſt:
Thou who wert ſo freſh, ſo gay,
Wilt not ſee thy yeſterday;
What to-morrow thou ſhalt be,
I ſhall never care to ſee.
From thy fate I'll ſtrive to learn
What may to advantage turn:
Youth and beauty will decay;
Time and death ſoon call away.

* Publiſhed in Martin's Magazine.

Charms

Charms enduring I will ſeek,
Which outvie the roſy cheek.
Charms which all internal are,
Charms which make e'en old age fair;
Virtue dreſs'd by Heav'n-born truth,
Blooms and ſmiles in endleſs youth.

Waking out of a frightful Dream.

WHERE am I now? my head turns round—
This ſure can never be the ground—
Do I ſtill breathe? or am I dead?
Or do I dream? is this my bed?
Methinks 'tis ſo—but I'm not ſure—
Oh here's my pillow!—I'm ſecure—
Juſt now it did all real ſeem,
This minute tells me 'tis a dream:
The dreadful precipice is gone,
Which I ſo lately hung upon;
With aching heart and tott'ring feet,
Seeking in vain for a retreat:
When down I ſlipt, with all my care,
And headlong fell thro' yielding air;
Thinking next moment to be cruſh'd,
I wak'd, and thus my fears were huſh'd.
Inſtead of fractur'd ſkull I find
I'm where my head laſt night reclin'd.
How came this dream into my head?
Perhaps I've lain too long in bed.

And

And ſhould have ſlept away the light,
Had it not been for this ſore fright.
'Tis plainly ſo—I ſee the ſun
Already has his race begun:
Diffuſing, with his golden rays,
His great Creator's lofty praiſe.
Shake off your ſleep, my drowſy eyes,
Begin thy race, bright *Phœbus* cries;
Me, in my courſe, unwearied ſee;
Riſe, ſluggiſh man, and follow me;
For ſleep my light was never given,
But to mark out your road to Heaven.

A Paraphraſe on the ſeven firſt Verſes of the Prophecy of Nahum.

Publiſhed in the New Univerſal Magazine, for Oct. 1752.

LONG had proud * *Nimrod*'s ſtately city ſtood,
Increas'd by ſpoil, and ſtain'd with human blood.
Long had juſt Heaven obſerv'd her crying guilt,
And meaſur'd o'er the blood which ſhe had ſpilt,
When, ſent from GOD, *Nahum* the prophet goes,
And tells the city her impending woes.

Arm'd with juſt vengeance, ſee the jealous GOD,
With angry looks aſſume his iron rod,

* Nineveh.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to puniſh his rebellious foes,
And ſtrike their ſtubborn hearts with piercing woes.
Vengeance, tho' ſlow, awakes to give the blow;
Which falls the heavier, as it comes more ſlow.
Th' eternal King 'tis madneſs to defy,
Of humble ſouls he'll only hear the cry.
Almighty power detains the rebel worm,
And fiery vengeance chides the lagging ſtorm.

When lo! th' Almighty mounts the angry ſkies,
Wrapt in a whirlwind he impetuous flies;
Tempeſts and ſtorms obey his powerful nod,
And clouds are duſt beneath the feet of GOD.
At his rebuke the ocean ſinks his head,
Rivers and ſeas leave but an empty bed:
Depriv'd at once of their late copious ſtore,
The parched baſons gape from ſhore to ſhore.
Baſhan for oaks renown'd, and lowing herds.
Smitten by Heav'n, a doleful ſcene affords:
The forked light'nings rend the knotted oak,
And groaning beaſts expire beneath the ſtroke;
Fair *Lebanon*, whoſe cedars long had ſtood
Th' unrivall'd glory of the nodding wood,
Mourns a like fate:——————
From their deep roots the lofty trunks are torn,
And thro' the air to diſtant hills are borne.
The flow'ry *Carmel* dreſs'd in vernal bloom,
O'er hills, thro' vales, diffuſing ſweet perfume;
Opening new beauties to the ſolar ray,
Receives the ſhock, and languiſhes away.

Look

Look how th' affrighted mountains reel and quake!
The hills diſſolve, and form a fiery lake:
His preſence ſets the diſtant poles on fire,
And earth and Heav'ns in ſmoke and flames expire,
Say then, what mortal can abide his rage,
Or who can with incenſed wrath engage?
In fiery ſtreams his fury makes its way,
Burſts the firm rocks, and rolls them in the ſea.
Theſe are the terrors of my GOD—but hold—
A brighter ſcene I haſten to unfold.
Vengeance awaits the guilty wretch alone;
The pious need not dread the awful throne:
Goodneſs in all its gentle forms appears,
To prompt their hopes, and baniſh all their fears.
GOD knows the juſt, and will be the defence
Of thoſe that truſt in his omnipotence;
In times of greateſt danger they ſhall find
A father, friend, and judge ſupremely kind.

The SONG *of* MOSES.

1 WHAT joy poſſeſs'd the choſen ſeed!
From *Egypt*'s cruel bondage freed,
And terrors of the main;
Secure they ſtand upon the ſhore,
Since *Pharaoh*'s hoſts are now no more,
And all their threat'nings vain.

2 Wonder

2 Wonder and love their breaſts inſpire,
Whilſt *Moſes* leads the holy choir,
A lofty ſong to raiſe:
The matrons and the virgins too,
Like pious zeal and duty ſhew,
And tune their harps to praiſe.

3 I'll ſing, the glorious leader cries,
The wonders done before our eyes,
Nor longer ſilence keep:
GOD is my ſtrength, and he my ſong;
Repeat his mighty acts, my tongue,
His wonders in the deep.

4 He is our GOD, our Father's GOD,
For him we'll find a fit abode,
All idols we diſclaim.
Exalt the LORD, the GOD of war,
Who can with him in arms compare?
JEHOVAH is his name!

5 Proud *Pharaoh*'s chariots, and his hoſt,
The haughty monarch's joy and boaſt,
He caſt beneath the wave:
His choſen captains too are drown'd,
For great exploits of war renown'd;
Nor could their courage ſave.

6 The depths incens'd ſoon ſtopp'd the chace,
And cover'd o'er the cruel race,

In their full thirſt for blood:
They fell, they ſunk, as doth the ſtone,
Which to the bottom haſtens down,
Amid the yielding flood.

7 Thy right-hand, LORD, for vengeance rais'd,
The ſons of *Egypt*, ſore amaz'd,
And ſpread thy glories far:
Thy ſtrong right-hand, with dreadful blow,
In pieces daſh'd th' inſulting foe,
That dar'd the wat'ry war.

8 In vain the rebels ſeek to fly,
In vain they to their idols cry,
No arm had they to ſave:
Not ſooner, by ſome rapid fire,
The chaff is burnt, than they expire,
Amid their wat'ry grave.

9 Thou, LORD, didſt blow, and at thy blaſt
The mighty deep was cleft in haſte;
The waves like mountains riſe;
The rolling floods now ceaſe to flow,
Congeal'd like rocks of ice and ſnow,
Beneath the northern ſkies.

10 I will purſue, I'll overtake,
The cruel foe preſumptuous ſpake;
The ſpoil I will divide:
Deep will I drench my ſword in blood,
'Till, having dy'd the briny flood,
My luſt is ſatisfy'd.

11 Then

11 Then didſt thou make thy wind to blow,
Command thy floods their place to know,
And fill the gaping void!
Thy foes o'erwhelm'd, like pond'rous lead,
Down ſunk to ocean's deepeſt bed,
In wat'ry death deſtroy'd.

12 What GOD of thoſe who bear the name,
Can the loud voice of boaſting fame
To equal honours raiſe?
How glorious is thy holineſs!
What tongue thy wonders can expreſs,
And ſhew thy awful praiſe?

13 Thy choſen ſons from ſlav'ry freed,
Thine arm of power did ſafely lead
In paths cut through the flood:
The nations at thy wonders gaz'd,
The ſons of *Moab* were amaz'd,
And *Edom* trembling ſtood.

14 Thy hand, O LORD, and ſpecial grace,
Shall ſafe conduct the fav'rite race
To *Canaan*'s promis'd reſt.
Jordan ſhall backward roll his tide,
And like th' *Egyptian* ſea divide,
To make thy power confeſs'd.

15 The foes of *Iſrael* on their ſhore,
Shall ſee the tribes, thy tribes paſs o'er,

All ſilent as a ſtone:
Well may their hearts diſſolve with fear,
When *Iſrael*'s mighty GOD is near,
The God by vengeance known.

16 Thou ſhalt reward thy people's toil,
Shalt plant them in a fruitful ſoil,
And high their honours raiſe:
To *Sion*'s hill they ſhall repair,
Thy ſacred dwelling ſhall be there,
And thence ſhall ſound thy praiſe.

17 Sing, *Iſrael*, ſing, thou echoing ſhore
Repeat proud *Pharoah* is no more:
The Lord his throne maintains;
The chariots and the horſemen too,
Our GOD in triumph overthrew,
The LORD for ever reigns.

A HYMN.

God the unchangeable Father of Lights. James i. 17.

I.

FATHER of lights! thou ſource of love!
All good deſcends from thee above;
In plenteous ſtreams thy favours flow,
Nor bounds thy gifts, nor meaſure know.

II.

The ſun with his prolific rays,
Almighty God! ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe;

Nature's

Nature's great boaſt, and emblem bright
Of thee thou uncreated light.

III.

Perpetual change on earth we ſee,
Nor is thy ſun from changes free;
But thou, Supreme! art ſtill the ſame,
And truth and love compoſe thy name.

IV.

Great intellectual Sun! thy light
Is ne'er obſcur'd by cloud or night;
What can thy light, thy heat impair,
Thou perfect good, thou perfect fair?

V.

When time his deſtin'd race has run,
When night perpetual veils the ſun;
When vanquiſh'd by the laſt great fire
All nature ſhall in groans expire;

VI.

Then ſhalt thou, Lord, unchang'd remain,
In fulleſt glories thou ſhalt reign:
Angels and ſaints ſhall ceaſeleſs ſing
Thy praiſe, thou great immortal King!

Additional Pieces, not in the former Editions.

Affection to Parents.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the ſincereſt grief, the death of a moſt affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to conſole him by the reflection, that he had always

behaved to the deceaſed with duty, tenderneſs, and reſpect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilſt my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and ſorrow, many inſtances of diſobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

Taking of Birds' Neſts. Shenſtone.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed.
But let me that plunder forbear!
She will ſay 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.

On the ſame.

A BOY, who was a great deſtroyer of neſts, had carefully preſerved one, that he might enjoy the cruel pleaſure of confining in a cage the poor birds,

birds, who had the ſame natural right to liberty with himſelf. A hungry cat diſcovered the neſt, and devoured the unfeathered brood. The boy bewailed his loſs, and vowed revenge upon the cat; not reflecting on the many neſts which he had *wantonly plundered*, whilſt the cat was impelled, by the dictates of nature, to ſatisfy a *craving appetite*.

Compaſſion to the Poor.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd cloaths my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor,
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

O take me to your hoſpitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heaven ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Sloth

Sloth contraſted with Induſtry.

THE Sloth is an animal of South America; and is ſo ill form'd for motion, that a few paces are often the journey of a week; and ſo indiſpoſed to move, that he never changes his place, but when impelled by the ſevereſt ſtings of hunger. He lives upon the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itſelf, when nothing beſides is left for his ſubſiſtence. As a large quantity of food is neceſſary for his ſupport, he generally ſtrips a tree of all its verdure in leſs than a fortnight: And being then deſtitute of food, he drops down, like a lifeleſs maſs, from the branches to the ground. After remaining torpid ſome time, from the ſhock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to ſome neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with a motion almoſt imperceptible. At length arrived, he aſcends the trunk, and devours with famiſhed appetite, whatever the branches afford. By conſuming the bark, he ſoon deſtroys the life of the tree; and thus the ſource is loſt from which his ſuſtenance is derived.

Such is the miſerable ſtate of this ſlothful animal. How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the induſtrious Beaver! This creature is found in the northern parts of America; and is about two feet long, and one foot high. The figure of it ſomewhat reſembles that of a rat. In the months of June and July, the beavers aſſemble, and form a ſociety

ſociety which generally conſiſts of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the ſide of a lake or river; and in order to make a dead water above and below, they erect, with incredible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps fourſcore or a hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick at the baſe. When this dike is oompleated, they build their ſeveral apartments, which are divided into three ſtories. The firſt is beneath the level of the mole, and is for the moſt part full of water. The walls of their habitations are perpendicular, and about two feet thick. If any wood project from them, tney cut it off with their teeth, which are more ſerviceable than ſaws. And by the help of their tails, they plaiſter all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare of dry graſs and clay, mixed together. In Auguſt or September they begin to lay up their ſtores of food; which conſiſt of the wood of the birch, plane, and of ſome other trees. Thus they paſs the gloomy winter in eaſe and plenty.

Theſe two American animals, contraſted with each other, afford a moſt ſtriking picture of the bleſſings of induſtry, and the penury and wretchedneis of ſloth.

COURAGE.

BRASIDAS, a Spartan general, who was diſtinguiſhed for his bravery and generoſity, once

once ſeized a mouſe; and being bitten by it, ſuffered it to eſcape. *There is no animal,* ſaid he, *ſo contemptible, but may be ſafe, if it have courage to defend itſelf.*

PLUTARCH.

The MOUSE's Petition,

Found in the Trap, where he had been confined all Night.

PARCERE SUBJECTIS, ET DEBELLARE SUPERBOS.

Virgil.

OH! hear a penſive captive's prayer,
For liberty that ſighs:
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt the priſoner's cries.

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit,
Within the wiry grate;
And trembling at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

Oh! do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood
Thy hoſpitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My ſcanty meals ſupply ;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny.

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given ;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives ;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never-dying flame
Still ſhifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the ſame ;

Beware, leſt in the worm you cruſh
A brother's ſoul you find ;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we ſhare,
Let pity plead within thy breaſt,
That little *all* to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd,
And every charm of heart-felt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when unſeen deſtruction lurks,
Which men like mice may ſhare,
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

MRS. BARBAULD.

POSITIVENESS.

THE Cameleon is a ſmall quadruped, in ſhape reſembling a crocodile, and chiefly found in Arabia and Egypt. It is a vulgar error, that this animal feeds upon air; for his ſtomach is always found to contain flies and other inſects. Mr. Le Bruyn, during his abode at Smyrna, had four Cameleons in his poſſeſſion. He never perceived that they eat any thing, except now and then a fly. Their colour often changed, without any apparent cauſe; but their moſt durable one was grey, or rather a pale mouſe colour. Sometimes the animals were of a beautiful green, ſpotted with yellow; at other times they were marked all over, with dark brown; but he never found that they aſſumed a red colour. Theſe properties of the Cameleon have given riſe to the following fable, which was written by Mr. *Merrick*, and ſhews, in a lively and ſtriking manner, the folly of *poſitiveneſs* in opinion.

The

The CAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt,
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop,
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.

Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſt,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'dof this, and then of that,
Diſcours'd awhile 'mongſt other mattter,
Of the Cameleon's form and nature.
"A ſtranger animal," cries one,
Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue,
"Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How ſlow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"

"Hold

" Hold there," the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd it in the ſunny ray;
" Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
" And ſaw it eat the air for food."

" I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
" And muſt again affirm it blue,
" At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd
" Extended in the cooling ſhade.

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye"—
" Green!" cries the other in a fury—
" Why Sir—d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loſs," the friend replies,
" For, if they always ſerve you thus,
" You'll find them but of little uſe."

So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cries the umpire, " ceaſe your pother,
" The creature's neither one nor t'other.
" I caught the animal laſt night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle light:

" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You ſtare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do:
" I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
" And I'll be ſworn, that when you've ſeen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

" Well then, at once to eaſe the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out:
" And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
" If you don't find him black I'll eat him :"
He ſaid: then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt; and lo! 'twas white.

The Pert and Ignorant are prone to Ridicule.

A Gentleman of a grave deportment, was buſily engaged in blowing bubbles of ſoap and water, and was attentively obſerving them, as they expanded and burſt in the ſunſhine. A pert youth fell into a fit of loud laughter, at a ſight ſo ſtrange, and which ſhewed, as he thought, ſuch folly and inſanity.—Be aſhamed young man, ſaid one who paſſed by, of your rudeneſs and ignorance. You now behold the greateſt philoſopher of the age, Sir *Iſaac Newton*, inveſtigating the nature of light and colours, by a ſeries of experiments, no leſs curious than uſeful, though you deem them childiſh and inſignificant.

The

The inimitable concluſion of the 9th Sermon of the 1ſt Vol. of Biſhop Sherlock's Sermons.

THUS the caſe of Revelation ſtood, and the Goſpel had no competitor, till the great and ſucceſsful Impoſtor Mahomet aroſe: he indeed pretends a commiſſion to all the world, and found means ſufficiently to publiſh his pretences: he aſſerts his authority upon the ſtrength of Revelation, and endeavours to transfer the advantages of the Goſpel evidence to himſelf, having that pattern before him to copy after: and ſhould we ſay that the Alcoran was never promulged to us by perſons duly commiſſioned, it may be anſwered perhaps, that the Alcoran is as well publiſhed to us as the Goſpel is to them; which has ſome appearance of an anſwer, though the fact is indeed otherwiſe; for even the Alcoran owns Jeſus for a true Prophet.

But with reſpect to this inſtance I perſuade myſelf it can be no very diſtracting ſtudy to find reaſon to determine our choice. Go to your natural Religion: lay before her Mahomet and his diſciples arrayed in armour and in blood riding in triumph over the ſpoils of thouſands and tens of thouſands, who fell by his victorious ſword: ſhew her the cities which he ſet in flames, the countries which he ravaged and deſtroyed, and the miſerable diſtreſs of all the inhabitants of the earth. When ſhe has viewed him in this ſcene, carry her into his retire-

ments

ments: ſhew her the Prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her ſee his adultery, and hear him alledge Revelation and his divine commiſſion to juſtify his luſt and oppreſſion. When ſhe is tired with this proſpect, then ſhew her the bleſſed Jeſus, humble and meek, doing good to all the ſons of men, patiently inſtructing both the ignorant and the perverſe. Let her ſee him in his moſt retired privacies: let her follow him to the mount, to hear his devotions and ſupplications to GOD. Carry her to his table to ſee his poor fare, and hear his heavenly diſcourſe. Let her ſee him injured but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and conſider the patience with which he endured the ſcoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his croſs; and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his laſt prayer for his perſecutors: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

When natural Religion has viewed both, aſk, which is the Prophet of GOD? But her anſwer we have already had; when ſhe ſaw part of this ſcene through the eyes of the Centurion who attended at the croſs; by him ſhe ſpoke and ſaid, *truly this man was the Son of GOD.*

FINIS.

23 IY 69